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### FUSION FRANCHISE BARGAINS.

In the Citizens' Union's bill of particulars of benefits conferred on the city by the Fusion administration there are many items which will make good campaign arguments for the anti-fusion orators. New parks and playgrounds; hospitals for consumptives; the reduction of the death rate to the lowest figure in the history of the city; the increase of dock rentals and of water revenues; the added school accommodation and the extension of asphalt paving; street-cleaning economies—the mere recital of the reforms accomplished will carry conviction of the redemption in large part at least of pre-election promises.

But most important of these items to the general public is that regarding the city's grant of railway franchises during Mayor Low's term of office. From the Pennsylvania and the New York Central and from the Bronx trolley line, for a right of way covering seventy-five miles of track, the city will be reimbursed to the extent of \$250,000, an amount equalling 50 per cent. of its entire revenue from the 1,000 miles of surface road built under previous grants.

The point of view of street utility franchises has changed from the time when the Third Avenue surface line could secure its valuable charter in return for an annual rental of \$20 a car, an amount somewhat less than a car's daily earnings at present. With the growth of a fuller appreciation of the enormous value of the rights formerly bartered away the price at which they are now disposed of has risen to a figure more nearly representing adequate compensation.

### CHEAPER OPERA TICKETS

The public will be grateful to Manager Conried for his decision to popularize the prices for seats in the upper parts of the Opera-House when "Parsifal" is performed. This does not mean that the seats will be cheap; but for those to whom the orchestra chairs at \$10 each would be prohibitive there will be the balcony and family circle at prices only a little in excess of theatre rates. The benevolence of the concession is hinted at in the statement that the presentation of the opera will necessitate an expenditure of \$80,000 before the curtain is rung up. This means an artistic variation of the onyx and silk plush luxury which makes so many things more elaborately expensive than they need to be to be thoroughly good.

The public, while grateful, will wait to see how large a share of the cheaper tickets it will be able to purchase without recourse to the ticket speculator. As the Rullman case has not yet come to trial we are still unenlightened as to the arrangement with the box-office by which a speculator may, as by his own allegation, lose \$2,000 a year out of his profits without missing it.

Such profits point to the sale of thousands upon thousands of tickets at a higher than the box-office rate and emphasize the extent to which the theatregoer desirous of good seats is forced to depend upon the speculator for what the box-office cannot furnish him. The hotel guest may not mind the extra dollar paid for two seats; it is an accommodation he considers worth the price.

The habitual city playgoer, however, regards it as an imposition. He hopes that the cheap opera tickets in question may reach the purchaser without the intervention of the speculator.

### THE MODERN COLLEGE BOY

We had on Wednesday the case of the schoolboy hastening to school, 200 miles away, in his 16 horsepower automobile. Yesterday the despatches told instructively of the trip of the son of the general manager of a transcontinental road from his home in San Francisco to Yale College, where he is a student.

The young man made the journey in a private car. Two chefs, two porters and several personal servants looked out for his comfort. The train despatchers of three great railroad systems, and various locomotive engineers, towermen, signalmen and flagmen as well guarded his progress, keeping an unusually anxious eye on the "boss's son." He travelled over the 3,000 miles of road as luxuriously as might a prince of the blood and in semi-royal state. At the New Haven college he will occupy one of the apartments the erection of which precipitated a discussion about the increase of luxury at college. He is a type of the college boy of which the last generation knew nothing.

Yet the moment this pampered youth enters the college grounds his importance leaves him. His private car will secure him no privileges there. It will not make him more popular than the boy who is doing outside work to pay his way, nor will it attract the welcome elap on the back which as often signals the choice of a poor boy as a rich for membership in the exclusive club. The colleges are still democracies in which wealth and "pull" count for less than in any other section of American society.

### CONEY'S JUBILEE.

Coney Island has a Mardi Gras celebration to-night—a fat Tuesday on a Friday nearly five months ahead of schedule time. But if the event does not fit the church calendar the excuse may be given that in the Coney chronology it is always Shrove Tuesday; Ash Wednesday arrives only to the departed visitor.

One is glad to note that in the procession to-night most of the characteristic Coney industries will be adequately represented. "Twenty bands, scores of gorgeously decorated floats, animals, acrobats, clowns and acrobates in costume" will be in line, and we suppose also the frankfurter men, the tinsy artists, representatives of the shooting galleries and baseball-throwing parlors and all the fakirs. They make the resort great and they are entitled to share in its jubilee.

From "Uncle Abe" Stillwell it is learned that Coney has been accessible to the public only since 1872, when the first railroad was built, and its great popularity as a resort dates back but a little more than twenty years. What did the last generation do without it? To lack telephones and trolley cars was bad enough, but to have no Coney!

That is one particular feature in which the vaunted "good old times" were deficient by comparison with the

### Confessions

...of...

### A Male Flirt.

Edited by

ROY L. MCCARDELL.

Note.—The editor of these "Confessions" desires it to be thoroughly understood that he has no connection with these memoirs of a "mascher" other than having prepared them for publication. They are the genuine personal experience of another.

### Catching a Fartar.

THE shopping district is the best place, of course, for meeting married women first. Bless you heart, there are lots of nice little wives from Harlem and Brooklyn who do not object to strike up an acquaintance with a good-looking, well-dressed man who will take them to luncheon.

Dear hunters have a saying that the woman who drinks cocktails will flirt. A mascher in the shopping districts makes it a point to go into the first-class restaurants that abound in the region of the big stores and look over the place for good-looking women drinking cocktails. There are always some doing that. The mascher then goes outside and waits for the lady of the cocktail. Nine times out of ten she will not avert her eyes when he gives her a glance significant of his desire to become acquainted with one so fair.

I have made the acquaintance of a dozen women in this manner. I became very chummy with them all, but somehow never had the pleasure of meeting their husbands. They told me so themselves. But Harlem and Brooklyn are so far away.

I caught a fartar once in the shopping district. She was such a simple, soulful looking maid. But she smiled when I smiled at her. After I got the return smile I stepped up to the maid and said:

"Where are you going?"  
"Oh, just taking a walk."  
This is one way two-thirds of street flirtations begin. Then the man asks if the lady will go somewhere and have luncheon.

A simple, soulful maid did not want anything to eat. As for the suggestion of a "little something to drink," she recoiled in horror. She was such a pretty and demure little thing. She said she was from Kingston, N. Y., visiting an aunt in Union Hill, N. J., and had just come to the city to see the stores. Who was I?

That day I felt facetious. Oh, such a wag! I smirked like a regular cut-up and said: "Met? Oh, I'm Dixie the Dip, one of the most celebrated pickpockets in New York. You want to be careful." She edged away a moment and did not seem to appreciate the humor of the situation. Seeing she was somewhat diffident, I said:

"Now, as you won't have anything to eat or something real to drink, would you care for some soda water?"

She said she guessed she'd like a little vanilla ice-cream soda. We went into a crowded confectionery store, and she had her ice-cream soda. I nthe jam of crowding women we were thrust together several times.

I paid for the soda and we came out of the place. At the entrance she grabbed me by the wrist and exclaimed in a tense voice:

"Where's my pocketbook?"  
Across the street regarding us intently I noticed a thick set young man, who I now remembered, stood near us down by the elevated station when I made the merry remark that I was Dixie the Dip, the best known pickpocket, &c.  
"Give me my pocketbook!"

People looked at us curiously, but made no attempt to interfere. Possibly they thought she was my wife. I saw I was "stung" as the saying is. I realized all the notoriety and disgrace of arrest and I groaned: "How much was in your pocketbook?"

"Eleven dollars!" she snapped.  
Fortunately I had the change of a twenty-dollar bill with me, as she knew. I passed over a ten-dollar bill and a one and she hurried away, the thick-set young man following her on the other side.

"I beg your pardon," said a voice at my elbow, as I stood gazing after the vanishing maid; "there's a pocketbook the young lady with you dropped in the store."

I took it and opened it mechanically. It contained half a pack of cigarettes, a ladies' complimentary ticket to a "mask and civic ball of the Lady Nicotines," a street car transfer, a latch key, four pawn tickets that had "run out," and twenty-four cents in nickels and pennies!

### LETTERS.

### QUESTIONS. ANSWERS.

47,102,000.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the population of the Austro-Hungarian empire? WILLIAM B.

St. Morris Park Youngsters.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Better spell reform with an invisible R, or exercise a little in the suppression of the shouting howling, whistling youngsters who make Mount Morris Park such a pandemonium nearly every night that residents cannot hear themselves talk. Instead of the park being a benefit to the locality, it has become an unbearable nuisance. Is this the class of scholars our public schools turn out?

### DISGUSTED REFORMER.

Friday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what day of the week did Aug. 13, 1899, fall? J. B.

Yes, Fitz Won in Sixth Round.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Did Gus Ruhlin and Bob Fitzsimmons ever fight? If so, who won? C. E. C.

Nov. 4.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what date did Election Day, 1884, fall on? B. C.

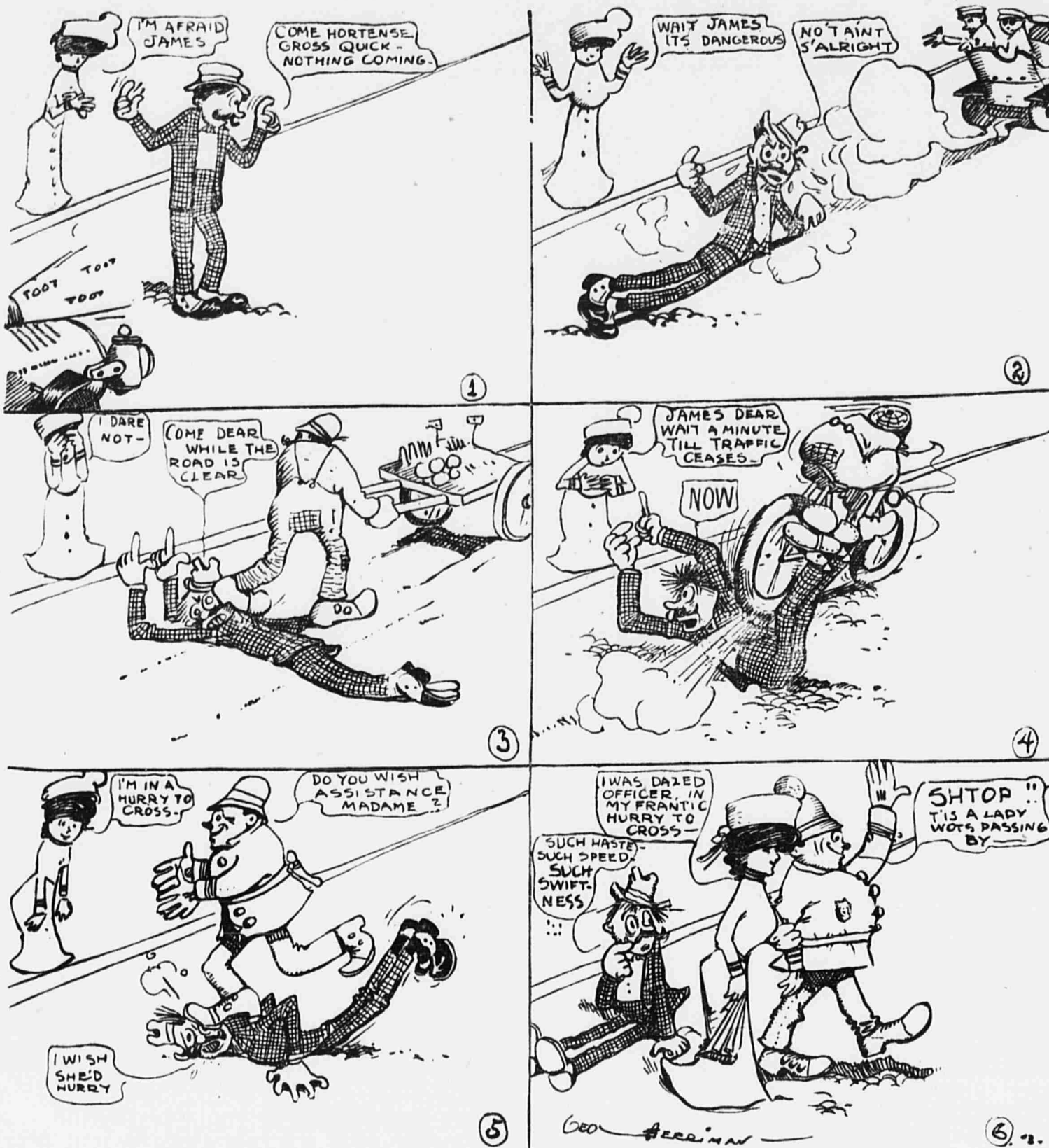
### "The New Walk."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The new walk, have you got it? Why is it that so many people walk with shoulders, arms and hands thrust back and hold the body very stiff from head to waist. Is it swell? Cut it out ye who walk thusly! It looks ridiculous.

## Mrs. Waitaminnit--the Woman Who Is Always Late.

Her Deliberation in Crossing a Street Prepares Mr. Waitaminnit for the Hospital.



## The Importance of Mr. Peewee--Girls, Isn't He Cute?

The Great Little Man Tells Miss Sixfoot of His Love and Gets a Surprise from Brother Willie.



### Policemen May Have To Hire Valets.

"SEE that the police are forbidden to wear patches on their pants," said the Cigar Store Man.

"Yes," answered the Man Higher Up, "the cops are stung again. What does Commissioner Greene expect the cops to do when their trousers get on the plotz--throw them away? A good heavy pair of police pantalons has lasted many a cop for years with judicious carpenter work on the rear elevation and leather bindings around the bottom of the legs. The indignation on the force is good and plenty much.

"The time has gone by, it appears, when a cop can patrol his beat looking like a housepainter on the way home from work with his toll rage on. The next thing expected is an order that will make every cop open his blouse before he goes on post and prove that he is wearing a shirt. You know, a shirt is an incumbrance to a cop on a warm day. He puts his blouse on over his undershirt, pins a celluloid collar to the collar of the blouse and admires his genteel reflection in every show window he happens to strike.

"Another order is that the cop shall always have a fresh shine on his brogans. So many cops are unable to see their feet, to say nothing of stooping over and caressing them with a blacking brush, that the order is nothing less than cruelty. The Bootblacks' Protective Association is filled with dismay, because the members fear that the police force will come to the conclusion that shines are the same as peanuts.

"And then the Commish rubs it in by ordering that his cops shall keep their visages clear of whiskers. It has been intimated to them that the proper thing is a shave every day. The sight of a face on a policeman that can't be distinguished from a doormat fills the Commish with anguish. It seems that he has been up against such visions lately. It hasn't been a hard matter up to date to dig up a cop who could write his name on a sheet of plate-glass with his chin.

"Right here is where the barbers come in with a beef against the administration. A cop who pays for a shave is considered as knocking at the front door of the funny house. It wasn't so irksome when the rule was to shave about twice a week. The cop would drop in when business was dull with his favorite barber, get the bristles planed off his map, and on Sunday he would look the other way if the doors of the shop were not closed at 1 o'clock. If the cops have to shave every day you will hear of some barbers separating themselves from their own lives.

"But it is on the clothes matter that the cops are sore. They only get about \$1,400 a year--a mere pittance, as Bill Devery would say. Most of them could earn more in the learned professions, to hear them tell it. How is a man with \$1,400 a year going to afford to buy clothes every time his uniform wears out? Some people may say that a cop don't have to pay anything for street-car rides, booze, tobacco and other necessities that the average citizen is stuck for, but they forget the fact that every cop has to buy his own revolver."

"The policeman's lot is not a happy one," quoted the Cigar Store Man.

"No," agreed the Man Higher Up, "and it's slathered all over with gloom now when every cop contemplates the necessity of paying wages to a valet."

### Strength of Egg Shells.

A member of the staff of the Smithsonian Institution has been experimenting on the resistance of egg shells. Eight ordinary hen's eggs were found only to give way under a pressure, applied all around, of between 60 and 85 pounds on the square inch of surface. When the straws were applied internally on twelve eggs, they yielded at pressures of thirty-two to sixty-five pounds per square inch. The pressure required merely to crush the eggs was between forty and seventy-five pounds per square inch. The average thickness of the shells was thirteen-thousandths of an inch.

### The World's Creeds.

Herr Zeller, head of the Bureau of International Statistics at Stuttgart, has published an interesting table of the religions of the world. He places the aggregate number of human beings on the earth's surface at 1,544,516,000, of whom only about one-third, or 534,940,000, profess any forms of Christianity. The adherents of Confucius number 300,000,000, of Brahma 173,200,000 and of Buddha 131,000,000. The number of Jews in the world is given as 10,590,000.

### Musical Fish.

Lake Baticolac, Ceylon, has the probably unique distinction of being the home of musical fish. The sounds emitted by these are said to be as sweet and melodious as those which would be produced by a series of Aeolian harps. Crossing the lake in a boat one can plainly distinguish the pleasing sounds. If an ear is dipped in the water the melody becomes louder and more distinct.

### An Imperial Censor.

The German Empress has expressed the desire that for the future all pieces intended for representation at the court theatre shall be submitted to her first, so that nothing may be played of doubtful morality or likely to shock the audience. Her Majesty reserves the right of vetoing any play she may choose.

### Furthest North.

Up in the frozen northland, almost within the Arctic Circle, Mr. W. T. Lopp is looking after his publication, the Eskimo Bulletin, probably a unique paper. The place is Cape Prince of Wales and the Bulletin is issued but once every twelve months. Indeed, under the head of the paper is the conceit "The Only Yearly in the World."

### Chamois Nearly Extinct.

It is estimated that there are now only 1,500 chamois in the Swiss Alps, owing to indiscriminate killing of these animals at all seasons of the year. The Swiss Government has now taken action with a view to prevent this breed of animals becoming extinct in the Alps.

### Chance Greetings.--No. V.

McLaughlin (Hugh):  
Why, Georgie, my son, as I live!  
An' 'tis splendid ye look, honest true.  
With you on our ticket it's right through the wicket.  
'Til of Fusion there's not left a fu.  
McClellan (George B.):  
Oh! Sage of the Auction Parlor!  
Your words are comforting balz.  
As you say, it's a clench--not a squeeze or a pinch.  
For the pee-pul I surely will charm.